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000 Christianity with its emphasis on the value of the individual soul has failed to eradicate it entirely in 84 civilized countries. The Eskimos knew nothing of obstetrics or "child welfare," nothing of any branch of medicine; and the mother received little consideration, according to our standards, before and after her child was born. Instead of resting quietly at home, relieved of her heaviest duties and concentrating on the care of her babe, she performed all her usual tasks up to the moment of parturition, and resumed them 854 within a few hours of delivery. Until the child gained strength to walk alone she carried it everywhere on her back, from morning till night, except when a brief respite from work permitted her to lay it among the 231 bed-skins and personally watch over its safety; the ravenous dogs would make short shrift of an infant [484] left unguarded within the hut or tent. On long winter marches she sometimes wrapped it in warm caribou robes and lashed it on top of the sled; but in summer it rode on her back-pack, which was not lightened in • 853 any way to compensate for the additional load. Then 847 there was its food. Cow's milk and cereals did not exist for these Eskimos, and no babe could survive on fish and flesh, the only foods the country yielded. When the child began to walk it might swallow a morsel or two of seal or caribou meat well masticated by the parents, but for three years and even longer

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the mother furnished its nourishment from her own breast. Can we blame her if sometimes she shrank from the burden? Often she had no choice. It was physically impossible for her to raise twins, or children born within two years of one another; and there were no hospitals or infants' homes to which she could turn for aid. Surely it was kinder to stifle the infant in its first hour of extra-uterine life, before it knew pain or hunger, or could awaken by its cries and smiles the tender love that as yet lay sleeping in the mother's heart!

Life was so full of hardships and dangers that the average expectation was low. The young might laugh and play their innocent games, but the days passed quickly and the Great Dark was never far remote. Often, as we planned for the months to come, Ikpuck or Icehouse added in a tone of resignation, "If we still live." What lay beyond the Darkness no one knew. Even the legends contradicted one another; one version proclaimed that the dead had their home in the moon, another that they haunted this lower world, though invisible to human eyes. Whatever their fate, it held no promise of joy, no hope of reunion with kinsmen who had gone before. The only pleasures were here and now, and the wise man grasped them before they passed from his reach for ever. Death, when it beckoned, he faced with equanimity; if it